

REAL ESTATE—LONG ISLAND. FOR SALE.

Acres, Villa Plots and the Most Attractive Country Seats for Sale at

BABYLON.

The acknowledged Garden Spot of

LONG ISLAND.

A Town Famous for its Beautiful Surroundings, with All City Improvements, Best of Railroad Facilities, and within 45 Minutes of New York City. The following described properties are situated along the line of the proposed trolley road:

40 acres, corner, large frontage on Deer Park av. and adjoining road. Mostly clear land. \$25,000.	70 acres, on Merrick road; large frontage; handsome house, all modern improvements; barns, greenhouse; lake extending from road to bay. Desirable for subdivision. \$70,000.	20 acres cleared land, on Deer Park av.; large frontage; fine tract. \$9,000.
5 1/2 acres, cleared land, on Deer Park av., near village, ripe for subdivision. \$3,000.	45 acres of fine cleared land on Merrick road, with handsome lake and fine house; a beautiful tract. \$31,000.	30 acres, Merrick road and Wellwood av.; large frontage on both roads. Ripe for subdivision. \$30,000.
32 acres, on Deer Park av., large frontage on 3 roads. Desirable plot for sub-division. \$12,000.		20 acres, with neat house on Merrick road; cleared land. \$14,000.

REASONABLE TERMS

Have Other Choice Tracts at Babylon and Other Sections of the Island.

BROOKLYN & SUBURBAN REALTY CO., Owners,
40-44 Court St., Temple Bar Bldg., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROUNDUP OF WILD HORSES.

LAST BIG ONE IN MOUNTAINS OF EASTERN WASHINGTON.

Galches Beaten by Force of Vagueros and Thronging of Animals—Resulted in Bringing Into Corral 3,000 Horses. Many of Them Not Even Branded.

The last big roundup of horses in eastern Washington has been in operation the last few days, and about 7,000 of the wild equines have been brought into the corral. The country ridden thus far has mostly been broken and mountainous.

Eastern Washington has for long years been known as the home of the wild range horse, and many are the markets of the Central and Eastern States to which these horses have been shipped. Now, with the encroachment of the farmer to the soil, the day of range riding and herding on the open range is almost at an end.

The southern half of Douglas county has heretofore offered an inviting range for horses, and there are thousands still running at large there on the sandy stretches of bunchgrass and the deep green sloughs of the canyons. The first realization of the necessity of a complete roundup became known when the ranchers began to build homes around Moses Lake, and over the top of Frenchman Hills, clear south into the canyon of Lower Crab Creek. Wire fences were being put up, and the danger of injury to the range horses became every day more threatening.

The natural result of these movements, says the Portland Oregonian, was to show horsemen that there was a market for their property, and they finally got together and agreed to roundup all the horses that could be got together. They began to do this in the early part of the season, and a head for horses on the range was a thing of the past, and many a man found he was really the possessor of enough horses to amount to quite a fortune.

In order to move concertedly, it was agreed to organize into a legal body, and Thomas Burgen of Ephrata was elected foreman of the great drive. Burgen is an old rider and horse owner, and enjoys general respect and confidence in the State. His plan was to meet in the latter part of April and with from 150 to 200 riders sweep the entire country of wild range horses. April 23 was settled as the date to begin the work, and Ephrata was to be the starting point.

The following Thursday morning the first riding for horses began. Towering up to the south was Saddle Mountain, or better known among the horsemen as Crab Creek Mountain. This range rises from 600 to 1,500 feet above the level of the canyon, precipitous on the north side and gently sloping to the south toward the Columbia. About seventy-five riders were detailed to ascend the mountain opposite the camp and ride westward toward the mouth of Crab Creek, endeavoring to drive the wild horses before them. This meant some forty miles of rough mountain riding for them.

The main body of the outfit, augmented here by the addition of another big camp outfit, drawn by six horses, and several white men and Indians, pushed leisurely on down the canyon toward the Columbia. The last five miles of this day's march were through washed sand along the creek, interspersed with short stretches of basaltic rocks, and it was not until sundown that the Columbia was reached. Here were large corrals, and the result of the ride on the mountain was eagerly awaited by the camp. More men on fresh horses were sent into the mountain to assist the riders there, and about 8 o'clock the pounding of hoofs and the neighing of manes and colts heralded their approach.

Sweeping down the mountain through a narrow ravine, out of the clouds seemed in the dim light, came the wild band, followed and herded by the riders, down to the water. They were all thirty, and after a drink it was a short task to place them in the corrals. Many of the riders' horses had given out with the march. Some came in on foot, and others had to camp on the mountain for the night.

About 400 horses were the result of the day's work. Fully 1,500 had been started, but the afternoon, when the riders and horses were tired, it was difficult to hold them and impossible to overtake them when they once got under way in their efforts to escape. This promiscuous gathering resulted in leaving many orphan colts with a band, and fully fifty were shot during the afternoon. While it may seem cruel, this practice is certainly more merciful than to leave the little fellows slowly to die of starvation on the range, while their mothers are miles away in the accustomed haunts searching for them. Several colts were brought into camp, and nearby settlers camp and took them to feed them on cow's milk till they were able to forage for themselves.

The partial failure of the ride on Crab Creek Mountain necessitated a conference of the horsemen, and it was finally decided to rest the horses and men, and accordingly, the next day's work was taken

GO AND SEE

FLORAL PARK

It is in the very centre of Long Island's sensational real estate developments, less than 15 miles from this city on the main line of the Long Island R. R., and every day's progress in the work of the improved transit facilities means an advance in the value of its real estate. It is a most attractive town of homes, with all city improvements, stores, schools, churches, hotels, a fire department, etc. Our property is practically in the town, within a couple of blocks of the R. R. Station. It is restricted, and has water supply and gas.

Choice Building Lots for \$300.

\$10 Down. \$5 Per Month.
Titles guaranteed by the Title Guarantee and Trust Co.
ON MAY 15TH PRICES WILL BE ADVANCED \$50 A LOT.
A Year From Now These Same Lots Will Sell For \$300.
Maps, Free R. R. Tickets, and Further Information Will Be Furnished at Our Office.
THE HOUSE AND HOME CO., 202 East 23d St., New York City.
18 East 125th St., N. Y. 1011 Broadway, Brooklyn.
376 Broadway, Brooklyn. 824 Manhattan Av., Brooklyn.
114 Bond St., Brooklyn.

On the south side of the Frenchman Hill, lying to the north of Crab Creek, and a gently rolling country. The drive extends only about fifteen miles and about 600 horses were turned in at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The fact that sheep had been through the country near the corral was not considered. The driving of the saddle horses and wild band some eight miles from camp to forage and more herders for the days and night wranglers for the saddle horses.

Some fine specimens of saddle horses were found among the wild band, and they were speedily roped and saddled. Many of them were buckskin and others were bay and in the trying out there was plenty of sport. The "Texas Kid," Jack House of Coolidge, Kan., a lad of about 19 years, won many buckskins and others were bay and in the trying out there was plenty of sport. The "Texas Kid," Jack House of Coolidge, Kan., a lad of about 19 years, won many buckskins and others were bay and in the trying out there was plenty of sport.

Thursday was an easy day and Foreman Burgen laid a plan for riding the Saddle Mountain again. This time about forty riders started up the cañon to Ben Hutchinson's ranch, some twenty miles from camp, and spent the night. In the morning they were on the mountain bright and early, and the first bunch of horses sighted were about half a mile from the camp. The riders were then divided into two parties, one to pull out, and the other to ride in, and the work was done by the end of the day. At the camp all were about early in the morning and by sunrise fifty or sixty riders started out around the end of the mountain with a herd of extra saddle horses to meet their comrades about noon and give them all fresh mounts. This plan resulted in nearly 800 horses being added to the wild band, although quite a number still eluded the riders.

One bunch numbering from 100 to 150, all of them white or gray or spotted black, belonging to a herd from Arabian stallions could not be captured. It is known locally as the "wild goose band," from the gray color and straightaway runs they make. When their leader decided to pull out, riders had to get out of the way or be run down, and no horses under saddle were able to keep pace with them. It is said that the band have never been branded or felt the wish of a rope about them.

It is a beautiful sight to see the long line of gray riders rounding a slightly butte, taking a slide down passes that seem bound to hurl them into depths below, but the wild things are sure footed and climb like goats. No effort will be made to capture them this year, but with next season and the further encroachment of the farmers on the range they will doubtless be ridden down with relays of men and horses, until they are tired out.

The wild band was now so large that it was necessary to move them to other range, and accordingly the anchor brand belonging to Sam Gabriel, whose ranch is on the Saddle Mountain, was put out, the colts branded and turned loose, excepting those he wished to dispose of this season. When this work was accomplished the wild band was moved northwest some twenty miles to a natural corral and feeding ground in what is known as Red Hook Corral. A few riders, stationed at the mouth and at the head of this canyon can hold any number of horses, for the sides are so precipitous that it is almost impossible for a man to get them. Springs furnish water, and the bunch grass grows luxuriantly.

The camp wagons still pushed, onward toward the noon hour, and about twenty-five or thirty miles till they reached the corral at West Lake, a small sheet of water west of the south end of Moses Lake. These are the best corrals in the county, and the principal work of cutting out, branding, selecting, holding and delivering strays will be done here. Up to May 4 fully 3,000 horses had been rounded up and brought in and the work of cutting out began. This will occupy fully a week, and the big herd will not reach Ephrata, the shipping point, before May 12.

and their haunts turned into wheat fields and fruit ranches—almost makes one, for the moment, wish it were not so. The old horsemen feel the change, too, and are speculating as to what they will do now that their wild, picturesque and withal happy life as horsemen is at an end. Many of them have ranches and will fence them and continue to raise horses in a small way, and grow wheat and hay. Others will leave the country and cast their lot with new people and new surroundings. Some expect to take the remnants of their herds to the bad lands of Dakota, where for a few years they are sure to be unhampered with the advance of civilization.

An Opinion of Justice Marshall.

From the World's Work.
Once as John Marshall, Chief Justice, was travelling toward Raleigh, N. C., in a stage, his horse went off the road and ran over a sapling, so tilting the vehicle that it could move neither to the right nor to the left. As the judge sat thinking up a way out of the dilemma an old negro came along. "Old master," said he, "what for you don't back your horse?"

The jurist thanked him for the suggestion, backed the horse, and promising to leave a dollar at the inn for the good advice, went on his way.

The negro called at the inn and found the dollar awaiting him. He took it, looked at it, and said: "He was a gentleman for sho', but—tapping his forehead significantly—"he didn't have much in here."

Crane Killing All the Fish.

From the St. Paul Dispatch.
The State Game and Fish Commission would like to see the State of Minnesota, and especially at Minnetonka, depopulated. The board claims the cranes are a menace to the fish in the lake.

On the island, it is said, 2,500 cranes have their homes, and the commission estimates that they consume 50,000 fish a day. Herons are unusually ravenous in this respect, and stories were told of owners of private ponds who pay a bounty for their destruction.

"In the past," says the commission, "it would be useless to start a crusade, and it was agreed, however, that the State would take up some day to the fact that the crane must go if the fish of the State are to be increased."

Warning of the Green Light.

From the Detroit News.
Young Capt. Seabury of the White Star liner Celtic was talking about the colored signal lights of ships.

"In the past," he said, "all lights were white. The colored light is a comparatively recent invention."

"I once knew a young Scottish sailor to whom the new colored lights were an unknown thing. He was aboard a wheel of his ship one night a big steamer hove in sight and the boy saw the great red and green lights for the first time."

"He rammed down the helm with a loud yell."

"'Preserve us!' he shouted, 'we're going right into the 'pottery shop' at Peebles.'"

Melting Cold at San Francisco Minn.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

A great deal of melted and otherwise mutilated coin is being received at the Mint by Supt. Leach. Under the rule, this goes in the bullion, which entails a great loss upon the citizen, especially in the case of silver.

The bullion value is about one-half that of the coin.

Assistant Treasurer Bantz, who was sent out to assist Treasurer Jacobs in conducting the affairs of the Sub-Treasury, has taken up the matter with the authorities in Washington, and an effort will be made to have the coin redeemed at its face value where it is in circulation.

For identification.

REAL ESTATE—LONG ISLAND. FOR SALE.

You Find It in the Atmosphere. It is an Epidemic Everywhere. Investing in Long Island Land.

Let Every Man and Woman in This Great City Ask Themselves This Question: How Can Any One Lose by Buying Lots on Long Island Adjacent to This City at the Above Price?

You are certainly getting your money's worth and enough of land (25 feet front by 100 feet in depth) to build a house if necessary, and then the satisfaction to know you are only 20 to 30 minutes from the heart of New York City, when the subway is completed. When everything else fails a plot of land is still a permanent fixture and at any and all times it is worth at least what you paid for it.

If You Buy Now, To-Day, You Can Make a Few Hundred. The Investment is Safe--The Earth Is Solid.

\$5 DOWN, \$5 MONTHLY. Will Not Break Any One. You Throw It Away **\$5 DOWN, \$5 MONTHLY.** Every Week or Every Month.

If You Do Not Invest You Certainly Cannot Make Money, and the man or woman who tell you that they do not care to make money are actually "nutty" and ought to be in the "Big House." Every man or woman who have any respect for themselves have more or less ambition and are always seeking channels to put a few dollars away to return them a good percentage, and it has been proven for ages past in and about New York that every dollar placed in land adjacent to New York has always been a money-maker for the investor. Then Why Not You?

We Have Got the Land Which Will Make Money for Every One.

No matter what has been advertised or what you have heard about enormous sales elsewhere without figures, we challenge any corporation to show the sales we have made since November 1st at this great center--The King of All Investments.

MINEOLA

There it stands right at the city line with every opportunity to make a glorious future and everything coming right its way to strengthen and make it the great distributing center for Nassau County and for the millions of acres lying east of it to Montauk Point. IT WILL BE THE SECOND JAMAICA.

You can See! Any Business Man Can See! Four Non-Disputing Arguments!

First! A County Seat of Nassau County--Always a Money Maker.

Second! All Railroads Center There--A Sure Money Maker.

Third! Geographically Situated as an Agricultural Center, Farmers' Trading Center.

Fourth! Four Times as Many Trains Than Any Point Outside of Jamaica.

CAN'T YOU SEE THAT THE PRICE OF PROPERTY IS MOVING UPWARD HERE?

CAN'T YOU SEE IT IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO GET IN NOW AND BUY?

5 YEARS TIME BUSINESS LOTS WILL BE WORTH \$2,500, RESIDENTIAL LOTS \$1,000!

We Have Three Great Bargains That Will Double in Price in a Year.

\$118 A LOT \$5 DOWN MONTHLY **\$288 A LOT \$5 DOWN MONTHLY** **\$488 A LOT \$10 DOWN MONTHLY**

Our Best Business Lots, 25x100, at Depot, \$588 a Lot, \$10 DOWN MONTHLY

On the Above We Have Cement Sidewalks, Shade Trees and Improved Streets.

Let us recite a little history. At Jamaica lots were selling at the above prices and thousands of people have grown rich in the past two years by investing there. ONLY LAST WEEK A CORNER LOT IN JAMAICA, 20 FEET FRONT BY 100 FEET DEEP, WAS SOLD BY AUCTION FOR \$31,000. JUST THINK OF IT. And when we say that the lots we offer to-day for \$588 will be worth \$2,500 in five years we are not overestimating the future of Mineola.

Out of 3,000 Lots We Have 400 to Sell.

Our Last Week. Will You Let It Pass By? Six Special Sale Days.

Every Day this Week, Including Sunday.

THREE SPECIAL TRAINS EACH DAY AT 10 A. M., 11 A. M., 1:30 P. M.

AGENTS IN THE DEPOT EACH DAY AT LONG ISLAND CITY AND BROOKLYN TO MEET TRAINS.

Our titles are always guaranteed by Title Guarantee Trust Company of New York. We furnish free railroad tickets and maps in our new office by mail or personal application.

BEAR THIS IN MIND.

Trains every day 10 A. M. 11 A. M., 1:30 P. M.

WM. H. MOFFITT Realty Company, 192 BROADWAY, COR. JOHN, NEW YORK CITY.

Adjoining Belmont Park.

I have a farm of 150 to 175 acres; 1/4 of a mile south of Queens station; 12 miles from New York; high level land on the corner of two main macadamized roads; about 5,000 feet front.

The owners opposite are asking from \$2,000 to \$2,500 an acre; will sell my farm for \$1,800 an acre.

Address Owner, Box 4, Queens, L. I.

PREPARED--Metropolitan Village, Long Island. 21 acres, mapped into lots, trees planted. 60x100 feet lot, 1/4 mile from Nassau county, on main macadam road, directly fronting trolley. Streets improved, grade fine. Ready for building. \$1,500 acre, long contract. Apply HILDO, 125 Myrtle av., New York City.

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